دین تے دنیا سکیاں بَھیناں تینوں عقل نہیں سمجھیندا ہو
دونْویں اکس نکاح وچ آون تینوں شرع نہیں فرمیندا ہو
جیویں اگ تے پانی تھاں اِکے وچ واسا نہیں کریندا ہو
دوہیں جہانیں مُنھا باہو جیڑا دعوا کوڑ کریندا ہو

Religion and this world are blood sisters—intellect did not teach you this.
That both should be betrothed to one person—the law does not permit this,
Just like fire and water which cannot stay in one vessel.
He is deprived of both worlds, Bahu, who makes false oaths.

دُدھ تے دہی ہر کوئی رِڑکے عاشق بھا رڑکیندے ہو
تن چٹّورا من مندھانی آہیں نال ہلیندے ہو
دکھاں دا نتیرا کڈھے لسکارے غماں دا پانی پَیندے ہو
نام فقیر تنہاں دا باہو جیہڑے ہڈاں توں مکھن کڈھیندے ہو

Everyone churns milk and yogurt, lovers churn fire.
The body the pot, the spirit the churn, they stir it with sighs.
Pulling the strap of heartache, they add the sparkling water of sorrow.
They are the true mystics, Bahu, who draw out butter from bones.

دردمنداں دیاں آہیں کولوں پہاڑ پتھر دے جھڑدے ہو
دردمنداں دیاں آہیں کولوں بھج نانگ زمیں وچ وڑدے ہو
دردمنداں دیاں آہیں کولوں آسمانوں تارے جھڑدے ہو
دردمنداں دیاں آہیں کولوں باہو عاشق مول ناں ڈردے ہو

From the sighs of the painstricken, stone mountains fall down.
From the sighs of the painstricken, snakes hurry underground.
From the sighs of the painstricken, stars fall down from
the heavens.
From the sighs of the painstricken, Bahu, lovers are never afraid.

دل بازار تے منہْ دروازہ سینہ شہر ڈسیندا ہو
روح سوداگر نفس ہے راہزن جہڑا حق دا راہ مریندا ہو
جاں توڑی ایہ نفس ناں ماریں تاں ایہ وقت کھڑیندا ہو
کر دا ہے ضائعا ویلا باہو جان نوں تاك مریندا ہو

The heart a bazaar and the mouth a gateway, the breast
appears as a city.
The spirit a merchant, the soul a robber, who attacks on the
path of Truth.
As long as you do not kill this soul, your time is being wasted.
It wastes time, Bahu, and puts a padlock on life.

راہ فقر دا پرے پربرے اوڑک کوئی ناں دسّے ہو
ناں اُتھے علم ناں پڑھن پڑھاون ناں اُتھے مسئلے قصّے ہو
ایہ دنیا ہے بت پرستی مت کوئی اس تے وسّے ہو
موت فقیری جیں سر آوے باہو معلم تھیوے تسّے ہو

The path of poverty is very long, with no end in sight.
There is neither teaching and learning on it, nor are there issues
and fables.
This world is idol worship, let no one put any trust in it.
Only they know it, Bahu, on whom befalls the death of poverty.

path of poverty: synonymous with the mystical path.

death of poverty: this could also refer to mystical death or the annihilation of self-identity toward the end of the Sufi path.

راتیں رتی نندر ناں آوے دینْہاں رہے حیرانی ہو
عارف دی گل عارف جانے کیا جانے نفسانی ہو
کر عبادت پچھوتاسیں تیری ضائعا گئی جوانی ہو
حق حضور اُنہاں نوں حاصل باہو جنہاں ملیا شاہ جیلانی ہو

Not a bit of sleep comes at night and amazement lasts all day.
Only a mystic understands a mystic's words, what do the
bestial know?
Be busy with worship or else you'll regret the youth you wasted.
The presence of Truth is obtained, Bahu, by those who have met
the King of Jilan.

mystic: the term *ʿārif* is often translated as "gnostic," although the English term implies a degree of elitism much greater and a variety of knowledge much more arcane than the direct experiential form of knowledge Bahu and poets like him talk about.

King of Jilan: a reference to the Sufi master ʿAbd al-Qadir al-Jilani (d. 1165), the eponymous founder of the Qadiri Sufi order to which Sultan Bahu belonged. ʿAbd al-Qadir al-Jilani's tomb in Baghdad is a major pilgrimage site and, most probably, Bahu's references to the city of Baghdad and his experiences there refer to his spiritual or imaginary visits to this saint's shrine.

رات انـدھیـری کـالی دے وچ عـشق چـراغ جـلانْدا ہو
جیندی سِك توں دل چا نیوے توڑیں نہیں آواز سنانْدا ہو
اوجھڑ جھل تے مارو بیلے اِتھے دم دم خوف شیہاں دا ہو
تھَل جَل جنگل گئے جھگیندے باہو کامل نینْہ جنہانْدا ہو

On a dark, black night, love lights a lamp.
You can't hear the voice of the One whose love carries your heart away.
Forests, marshes, and frightening swamps, where one fears tigers with every breath.
Those whose love is perfect, Bahu, cross deserts, seas, and jungles.

راتیں نین رت ہنجوں روون تے دہاں غمزہ غم دا ہو
پڑھ توحید وڑیا تن اندر سُکھ آرام ناں سمدا ہو
سر سولی تے چا ٹنگیونیں ایہو راز پرم دا ہو
سدّھا ہو کو ہیوے باہو قطرہ رہے ناں غم دا ہو

At night eyes cry tears of blood and by day shed glances of grief.
When I recited the creed it filled my body, but I cannot sleep in peace.
They hung his head on the gallows, such is the secret of love.
Let us head straight to Him, Bahu, not a drop of grief will remain.

creed: in Punjabi, *tawhīd,* which means the formal affirmation of God's unity, usually done by reciting the first half of the Islamic profession of faith.

they hung his head on the gallows: a reference to al-Husayn ibn Mansur al-Hallaj (d. 922), a famous Sufi figure who, according to popular legend, was martyred for publicly declaring his unity with God.

رحمت اس گھر وچ وسّے جتھے بلدے دیوے ہو
عشق ہوائی چڑھ گیا فلک تے کتھے جہاز گھتیوے ہو
عقل فکر دی بیڑی نوں چا پہلے پور بوڑیوے ہو
ہرجا جانی دسّے باہو جتول نظر کچیوے ہو

Mercy only resides in a house with a burning lamp.
Love sailed into the heavens, where will this ship drop anchor?
One should sink the boat of intellect and rationality on its first trip.
The Beloved is visible everywhere, Bahu, wherever my gaze turns.

زبانی کلمہ ہر کوئی پڑھدا دل دا پڑھدا کوئی ہو
جتھے کلمہ دل دا پڑھیئے اتھے ملے زبان ناں ڈھوئی ہو
دل دا کلمہ عاشق پڑھدے کی جانن یار گلوئی ہو
ایہہ کلمہ اسانوں پیر پڑھایا باہو میں سدا سوہاگن ہوئی ہو

Everyone recites the creed of the tongue, few say the creed of the heart.
Where the creed of the heart is said, there is no room for the tongue.
The lovers say the creed of the heart, what do sophists know?
It is this creed that the master taught us, Bahu, and now I am eternally blessed.

eternally blessed: literally, a wife who never becomes a widow; someone in an eternal state of wifehood. This term is sometimes applied to a particular variety of Sufi figures in India who dressed as women to symbolize their relationship with God.

زاهد زهد کرینْدے تھکے روزے نفل نمازاں ہو
عاشق غرق ہوئے وچ وحدت اللّٰہ نال محبّت رازاں ہو
مکھی قید شہد وچ ہوئی کیا اڈسی نال شاہبازاں ہو
جنہاں مجلس نال نبی دے باہو سوئی صاحب راز نیازاں ہو

Ascetics practice asceticism, exhausted by fasts and excess prayers.
The lovers have drowned in the Unity, now exchanging love and secrets with God.
The bee is trapped in honey, how can it fly with the falcon?
Only those who sat with the Prophet, Bahu, can offer true prayers.

سوز کنوں تن سڑیا سارا میں تے دُکھّاں ڈیرے لائے ہو
کوئل وانگ کوکیندی وتاں ناں ونجن دن اضائعے ہو
بول پپیہا رُت ساون آئی متاں مولا مینہ ورسائے ہو
ثابت صدق تے قدم اگوہاں باہو رب سکدیاں دوست ملائے ہو

My whole body is burned by words, pain has taken me over.
I wander lamenting like the cuckoo, begging that my days not go by in waste.
Speak, bird! The monsoon has come; perhaps God will shed some rain.
Be sincere and step forward, Bahu, for perhaps the Lord will let the seekers meet a Friend.

cuckoo: the cuckoo's call is traditionally rendered as the lament "Where has my beloved gone?" Another interpretation is that the cuckoo is repeating "Hu! Hu!" ("Him! Him!" a reference to God). In both cases the cuckoo serves as a metaphor for the mystic's soul. For more information on the importance of birds in Sufi literature, see pp. 5–6.

سُن فریاد پیراں دیا پیرا میں آکھ سناواں کینوں ہو
تیرے جیہا مینوں ہور ناں کوئی میں جیہاں لکھ تینوں ہو
پھول ناں کاغذ بدیاں والے در توں دھک ناں مینوں ہو
میں وچ ایڈ گناہ ناں ہوندے باہو توں بخشیندوں کینوں ہو

Hear my request, master of masters! Who else can I address
out loud?
There is no one else like you for me—like me there are a hundred
thousand for you.
Do not open the register of wrongs! Do not push me out the door!
If there were not so many sins in me, Bahu, whom would
you absolve?

سینے وچ مقام ہے کیندا سانوں مرشد گل سمجھائی ہو
ایہو ساہ جو آوے جاوے ہور نہیں شے کائی ہو
اس نوں اسم الاعظم آکھن ایہو سرّ الٰہی ہو
ایہو موت حیاتی باہو ایہو بھیت الٰہی ہو

"Whose place is in the breast?" The guide made us understand
these words.
This very breath that comes and goes—there is nothing besides it.
They call this the Greatest Name; this is the divine mystery.
This is the living death, Bahu, this is the divine secret.

divine mystery: the greatest name of God (*al-ism al-aʿzam*) is unknown, its nature being the divine mystery.

شور شہر تے رحمت وسّے جتھے باہو جالے ہو
باغباں دے بوٹے وانگوں طالب نت سمبھالے ہو
نال نظارے رحمت والے کھڑا حضوروں پالے ہو
ناں فقیر تنہاں دا باہو جہڑا گھر وچ یار وکھا لے ہو

May mercy rain on the wretched town where Bahu lives.
He guards the seeker as a gardener guards his plants.
With glances of mercy, He nurtures with the Presence.
Bahu, the true mystic is one who can see the Beloved
while at home.

شریعت دے دروازے اُچّے راہ فقر دا موری ہو
عالم فاضل لنگھن ناں دیندے جو لنگھدا سو چوری ہو
پُٹ پُٹ اِٹّاں وٹّے مارن دردمنداں دے کھوری ہو
راز ماہی دا عاشق جانن باہو کی جانن لوک اتھوری ہو

The gates of the law are high, the mystic path a tiny doorway.
Sages and scholars let no one pass; whoever succeeds does so
in secret.
Those who bear the painstricken malice, dig up and throw bricks
and stones.
Only the lovers know the Beloved's secret, Bahu, what do donkey
drovers know?

صورت نفس امّارہ دی کوئی کُتّا گُلّر کالا ہو
کوکے نوکے لہو پیوے منگے چرب نوالا ہو
کھبّے پاسوں اندر بیٹھا دل دے نال سنبھالا ہو
ایہ بدبخت ہے وڈا ظالم باہو کرسی اللّٰہ ٹالا ہو

The appearance of the inciting soul is like some black cur or its offspring.
It barks and howls, drinks blood, and asks for a soft morsel.
It sits comfortably on the left side, next to the heart.
This ill-omened one is the great tormentor, Bahu, God guard us from it!

ظاھر ویکھاں جانی تائیں نالے دِسّے اندر سینے ہو
برہوں ماری میں نت پھراں مینوں ہسّ لوک نابینے ہو
میں دل وچّوں ہے شوہ پایا لوک جاون مکّے مدینے ہو
کہے فقیر میراں دا باہو سب دلانْدے وچ خزینے ہو

I see my Lover on the outside, and He is also visible in my breast.
I wander lovestruck; the blind laugh at me.
I found the Beloved in my heart, while others search in Mecca and Medina.
The mystic of Miran says, "Bahu, all treasures are in the heart."

Medina: the city where the Prophet Muhammad settled after he was expelled from his birthplace of Mecca. Because he is buried in Medina that city has become a major Islamic pilgrimage site and is frequently visited as an extension of the Hajj pilgrimage.

mystic of Miran: a reference to 'Abd al-Qadir al-Jilani to whose Sufi order Bahu belonged.

عقل فکر دی جا ناں کائی جتھّے وحدت سرّ سبحانی ہو
ناں اوتھے مُلاّں پنڈت جوشی ناں اوتھے علم قرآنی ہو
جد احمد احد وکھالی دتّا تاں کُلّ ہووے فانی ہو
علم تمام کیتونیں حاصل باہو کتاباں ٹھپ آسمانی ہو

There is no room for rationality where there is the glorious mystery of divine unity.

Here there are neither mullahs, pandits, and astrologers, nor the outward meaning of the Qur'an.

When Ahmad appears as the One, all else is destroyed.

Perfect knowledge is obtained, Bahu, by those who close the revealed scriptures.

outward meaning of the Qur'an: the Qur'an is believed by Sufis to have two dimensions, an exoteric, literal one which is apparent to anyone who can read the words, and an esoteric, symbolic one, which is only known to those who possess a high level of mystical attainment. "Mullah" is a term for an Islamic cleric and "pandit" for a Hindu priest; both are frequently used by Bahu with derogatory connotations.

Ahmad: another name for the Prophet Muhammad.

علموں باجھوں فقر کماوے کافر مرے دیوانہ ہو
سے ورہیاندی کرے عبادت رہے اللّٰہ کنوں بیگانہ ہو
غفلت کنوں ناں کھلسن پردے دل جاہل بتخانہ ہو
میں قربان تنہاں توں باہو جنہاں ملیا یار یگانہ ہو

Whoever strives for poverty without knowledge dies a heretic and insane.

He does acts of worship for years but remains ignorant of Allah.

The curtains do not open through heedlessness; his heart is a benighted idol temple.

My life goes to those, Bahu, who have met the Singular Friend.

عاشق ہونْویں تے عشق کمانْویں دل رکھیں وانگ پہاڑاں ہو
لکھ لکھ بدیاں تے ہزار اُلاہمے کر جانیں باغ بہاراں ہو
منصور جیہے چُک سولی دتّے جیہڑے واقف کل اسراراں ہو
سجدیوں سر ناں چائیے باہو توڑے کافر کہن ہزاراں ہو

If you want to be a lover and earn love, then make your heart like the mountains.

Consider hundreds of thousands of acts of enmity and hundreds of calumnies to be gardens in bloom.

Like Mansur, those privy to all secrets were hung from the gallows.

Do not raise your head from prostration, Bahu, even if thousands call you an infidel.

Mansur: another allusion to the Sufi martyr, al-Husayn ibn Mansur al-Hallaj.

عاشق راز ماہی دے کولوں کدی ناں ہوون وانْدے ہو
نیندر حرام تنہاں تے ہوئی جہڑے اسم ذات کمانْدے ہو
ہك پل مول آرام ناں کردے دینْہہ رات وتن کرُلانْدے ہو
جنہاں الف صحی کر پڑھیا باہو واہ نصیب تنہانْدے ہو

Lovers are never free from the mysteries of the Beloved.

Sleep is forbidden to those who obtain the name of the Essence.

They do not rest for a single instant, wandering in lamentation day and night.

What good fortune is theirs, Bahu, who have learned the *alif* correctly!

learned the alif: see p. 56.

عاشق عشق ماہی دے کولوں نت پھرن ہمیشاں کھیوے ہو
جنہاں جیْڈیاں جان ماہی نوں دتّی اوہ دوہیں جہانیں جیوے ہو
شمع چراغ جنہاں دل روشن اوہ کیوں بالن ڈیوے ہو
عقل فکر دی پہنچ ناں کائی باہو اوتھے فانی فہم کچیوے ہو

Lovers always wander drunken from their love of the Beloved.
Those who give the Beloved their lives while still living are alive in both worlds.
Those in whose hearts lamps are shining, why should they light candles?
Intellect and rationality have no reach there, Bahu, such understanding should be destroyed.

destroyed: the word used here for destruction is a technical Sufi term meaning the annihilation of all self-consciousness, which is then replaced by divine consciousness.

عاشق دا دل موم برابر معشوقاں وَل کالی ہو
طاماں ویکھے ترُتُر تکّے جیوں بازاں دے چالی ہو
باز وچارہ کنونْکر اُڈے پَیریں پیوس دوالی ہو
جیں دل عشق خرید ناں کیتا باہو دوہاں جہانوں خالی ہو

A lover's heart is like melted wax, rushing toward its beloved.
Seeing prey, it stares greedily, as is the habit of hawks.
How can the poor falcon fly, for its feet have been bound.
Whoever does not possess love, Bahu, loses both worlds.

عاشقاں ہکو وضو جو کیتا روز قیامت تائیں ہو
وچ نماز رکوع سجودے رہندے سنج صباحیں ہو
ایتھے اوتھے دوہیں جہانیں سبھ فقر دیاں جائیں ہو
عرش کولوں سے منزل اگے باہو پیا کم تنہائیں ہو

Lovers purify themselves but once until Resurrection Day.
They remain in prayer, kneeling and bowing night and day.
Here and Hereafter—both worlds are places of poverty.
Many stages lie beyond the divine throne, Bahu, and lovers must deal with them.

purify: Bahu is referring to the ablutions performed before each of the five daily prayers. Muslims are required to renew their state of ritual purity if they touch anything that is ritually impure or perform any bodily function. To say of someone that they need to purify themselves just once is to imply that they never stop praying.

divine throne: the divine throne is mentioned in the Qur'an, although there is no one explanation of what it means (since God has no physical body). It is often considered to be the final point of mystical attainment.

عشق دی بازی ہر جا کھیڈی شاہ گدا سلطاناں ہو
عالم فاضل عاقل دانا کردا چا حیراناں ہو
تنْبو کھوڑ لتھّا وچ دل دے چا جوڑیس خلوت خاناں ہو
عشق امیر فقیر منینْدے باہو کیا جانے لوک بیگاناں ہو

They played the game of love everywhere, kings, beggars, and sultans.
It even amazes sages, scholars, and savants.
It pitched a tent and occupied my heart, making it a meditation cell.
Rich and poor both believe in love, Bahu, what do the heedless know?

عشق جنہاںڈے ہڈیں رچیا اوہ رہنڈے چپ چپاتی ہو
لوں لوں دے وچ لکھ زباناں اوہ پھردے گنگے باتے ہو
اوہ کردے وضو اسم اعظم دا تے دریا وحدت وچ نہاتے ہو
تدوں قبول نمازاں باہو جد یاراں یار پچھاتے ہو

They, in whose bones love finds a home, remain completely silent.
A hundred thousand tongues in every hair, but they wander
like mutes.
They perform purifications of the Greatest Name, and bathe in the
sea of unity.
Prayers are only answered, Bahu, when friends recognize a Friend.

عشق اسانوں لِسیاں جاتا لتھّا مل مہاڑی ہو
ناں سوہے ناں سون دیوے جیویں بال رہاڑی ہو
پوہ مانگھیں منگے خربوزے میں کتھّوں لیساں واڑی ہو
عقل فکر دیاں بھل گیاں گلاں باہو جد عشق وجائی تاڑی ہو

Love saw me weak and it came, taking over my home.
Like a fussy child, it will not sleep nor let me sleep.
It asks for watermelons in winter, where can I find them?
But all rational thoughts were forgotten, Bahu, when love
clapped its hands.

عشق سمندر چڑھ گیا فلك تے کِتوَل جہاز کچیوے ہو
عقل فکر دی ڈونڈی نوں چا پہلے پور بوڑیوے ہو
کڑکن کپڑ پوون لہراں جد وحدت وچ وڑیوے ہو
جس مرنے تھیں خلقت ڈردی باہو عاشق مرے تاں جیوے ہو

The sea of love has risen to the heavens, where will the ship drop anchor?

The boat of intellect and rationality should be sunk on its very first trip.

Whirlpools and tidal waves assail him when he enters the state of unity.

That death which people fear, Bahu, the lover dies it so that he might live.

عاشق سوئی حقیقی جہڑا قتل معشوق دے منّے ہو
عشق ناں چھوڑے مُکھ ناں موڑے توڑے سے تلواراں کھنّے ہو
جتوَل ویکھے راز ماہی دے لگے اوسے بنّے ہو
سچّا عشق حسین علی دا باہو سر دیوے راز ناں بھنّے ہو

A true lover is one who accepts death for the Beloved.

He doesn't desert love, nor turns his face, even if wounded by many swords.

He halts and stands wherever he sees the Beloved's mysteries.

Bahu, true love is that of Husayn and 'Ali: to give away one's head but never give away the secret.

Husayn and 'Ali: 'Ali (the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet) and Husayn ('Ali's son) both met their deaths as martyrs. In addition to being highly revered by Sufis, they are central figures in Shi'a Islam.

عشق دیاں اولڑیاں گلاں جہڑا شرع تھیں دور ہٹاوے ہو
قاضی چھوڑ قضائیں جاون جد عشق طمانچا لاوے ہو
لوک ایانے متیں دیون عاشقاں مت ناں بھاوے ہو
مُڑن محال تنہاں نوں باہو جنہاں صاحب آپ بلاوے ہو

The ways of love are backward, turning you far from the path.
Judges abandon judging when love gives them a slap.
Meddlesome people give advice; the advice doesn't please the lovers.
Turning back is absurd, Bahu, for those whom the Master has called to Himself.

عشق دی بھاہ ہڈاں دا بالن عاشق بَیہ سکینْدے ہو
گھت کے جان جگر وچ آرا ویکھ کباب تلینْدے ہو
سرگردان پھرن ہر ویلے خون جگر دا پینْدے ہو
ہوئے ہزاراں عاشق باہو پر عشق نصیب کہینْدے ہو

The fire of love, fueled by bones: lovers sit and stoke it.
Look! Taking a knife to their hearts and souls they cook kebabs!
They wander in amazement all the time and drink blood from their spleens.
Thousands have been lovers, Bahu, but love is in the fortunes of only a few.

عاشق شوہدے دل کھڑایا آپ بھی نالے کھڑیا ہو
کھڑیا کھڑیا ولیا ناہیں سنگ محبوباں دے رلیا ہو
عقل فکر دیاں سب بھُل گئیاں جد عشقے نال جا ملیا ہو
میں قربان تنہاں توں باہو جنہاں عشق جوانی چڑھیا ہو

The wretched lover lost his heart and with it also lost himself.
Once lost, he was never found, and mixed in with his friends.
Everything intellectual and rational was forgotten when he went
and encountered love.
My life goes to those, Bahu, who are possessed by love in
their youth.

عشق اسانوں لِسیاں جاتا کرکے آوے دہائی ہو
جِتوَل ویکھاں مینوں عشق دسیوے خالی جگہ ناں کائی ہو
مرشد کامل ایسا ملیا جس دل دی تاکی لاہی ہو
میں قربان اس مرشد باہو جس دسیا بھیت الہی ہو

Love saw me weak and it launched a raid.
Everywhere I look I see love, there is no empty space.
I found a guide so perfect, he opened the window of my heart.
I give my life for that guide, Bahu, who told me the
divine mystery.

کلمیں دی کل تداں پیوسے جداں کلمیں دل نوں پھڑیا ہو
بے دراں نوں خبر ناں کائی دردمنداں گل مڑھیا ہو
کفر اسلام دی کل تداں پیوسے جداں بھن جگر وچ وڑیا ہو
میں قربان تنہاں توں باہو جنہاں کلماں صحی کر پڑھیا ہو

I grasped the meaning of the creed when the creed grabbed my heart.
The ones without pain have no knowledge of it, but the painstricken have wrapped it around their necks.
One understands the meaning of Islam and disbelief when the creed rushes and enters the heart.
I give my life for those, Bahu, who have said the creed perfectly.

کامل مرشد ایسا ہووے جہڑا دھوبی وانْگوں چھٹّے ہو
نال نگاہ دے پاک کریندا وچ سجّی صابن نال گھتّے ہو
میلیاں نوں کردیندا چٹّا وچ ذرّہ میل ناں رکھّے ہو
ایسا مرشد ہووے باہو جہڑا لوں لوں دے وچ وسّے ہو

The perfect guide thrashes one like a laundryman beats clothes.
He purifies with his gaze, and he soaks one in bleach and soap.
He makes the dirty white and does not leave a speck of dirt.
One should have such a guide, Bahu, living in every cell of one's being.

کوک دلاّ متاں رب سنے چا دردمنداں دیاں آہیں ہو
سینہ میرا دردیں بھریا اندر بھڑکن بھاہیں ہو
تیلاں باجھ ناں بلن مشالاں دراں باجھ ناں آہیں ہو
آتش نال یاراناں لا کے باہو پھر اوہ سڑن کہ ناہیں ہو

Heart, cry out! Maybe the Lord will hear the sighs of the
painstricken.
My breast is filled with pain, flames flicker within it.
Lamps do not light without wicks, nor sighs without pain.
Striking up a friendship with fire, Bahu, should they burn or not?

کلمے نال میں نہاتی دھوتی کلمے نال ویاہی ہو
کلمے میرا پڑھیا جنازہ کلمے گور سہائی ہو
کلمے نال بہشتیں جاناں کلمہ کرے صفائی ہو
مُڑن مُحال تنہاں نوں باہو جنہاں صاحب آپ بلائی ہو

With the creed I bathed and washed, with the creed I was
betrothed.
The creed said my funeral, the creed decorated my grave.
With the creed I am going to paradise, the creed will cleanse me.
Turning back is impossible, Bahu, for those whom the Master has
called to Himself.

گند ظلمات اندھیر غباراں راہ نیں خوف خطر دے ہو
مُکھ آب حیات منوّر چشمے اوتے سائے زلف عنبر دے ہو
مُکھ محبوب دا خانہ کعبہ جتھے عاشق سجدہ کردے ہو
دو زلفاں وچ نین مصلّے جتھے چاروں مذھب ملدے ہو
مثل سکندر ڈھونڈن عاشق ہک پلک آرام نہاں کردے ہو
خضر نصیب جنہاںڈے باہو اوہ گھُٹ اوتھے جا بھردے ہو

Dirt, darkness, and dust—the paths are filled with dread and danger.

The Face is a luminescent fountain of life, shaded by black ambergris.

The Beloved's face is the House of Ka'ba, where lovers bow down.

Between the locks, the eyes are mosques where the four schools meet.

The lovers search like Alexander, not resting for an instant.

Khizr is in the fortunes of those, Bahu, who gulp their fill over there.

the four schools: this refers to the four legal schools (*mazhab*) of Sunni Islam.

Khizr: the mystical guide of the unseen realm, identified both with the prophet Elijah and with the one who accompanied Alexander in his quest for the fountain of life (alluded to in the second line).

گودڑیاں وچ جال جنہاں دی اوہ راتیں جاگن ادھیاں ہو
سک ماہی دی ٹکن ناں دیندی لوک انہّے دیندے بدیاں ہو
اندر میرا حق تپایا اساں کھلیاں راتیں کڈھیاں ہو
تن تھیں ماس جدا ہویا باہو سوکھ جھلارے ہڈیاں ہو

Those who live in patched robes stay awake half the night.

Longing for the Beloved allows them no rest; the unseeing cast aspersions.

Truth set me on fire inside; I've passed many nights standing.

The flesh withered off my body, Bahu, it is my bare skeleton that is swaying.

patched robes: a symbol of poverty, but also a specifically Sufi form of dress. A many-patched robe (*khirqa-yi hazār mīkhī;* literally, "robe of a thousand stripes") was given by masters to their disciples as a badge of advancement on the Sufi path.

truth: the term *haqq* refers to truth and reality in an absolute sense. It is also frequently a reference to God.

"لا یحتاج" جنہاں نوں ہویا فقر تنہاں نوں سارا ہو
نظر جنہاں دی کیمیا ہووے اوہ کیوں مارن پارا ہو
دوست جنہانْدا حاضر ہووے دشمن لین ناں وارا ہو
نام فقیر تنہانْدا باہو جنہاں ملیا نبی سوہارا ہو

Whoever experiences "I shall not want" has complete poverty.
Those whose sight is alchemy, why should they use quicksilver?
Those whose Friend is present, why should their enemy launch an attack?
True mystics are those, Bahu, who have received a vision of the Prophet.

I shall not want: Bahu writes the phrase in Arabic. It refers to the Sufi concept of *tawakkul*, or complete reliance on God.

quicksilver: Mercury was used in the alchemical process of trying to turn base metals into gold. The Sufi process of turning an ordinary human being into an accomplished mystic is sometimes referred to as alchemy in Sufi literature.

لکھّن سکھیوئی تے لکھ ناں جاتا کیوں کاغذ کیتو ضائعا ہو
قط قلم نوں مار ناں جانیں تے کاتب نام دھرایا ہو
سبھ صلاح تیری ہوسی کھوٹی جاں کاتب دے ہتھ آیا ہو
صحیح صلاح تنہاں دی باہو جنہاں الف تے میم پکایا ہو

You learned writing but you never understood the meaning of writing, so why did you waste the paper?
You never learned how to cut a reed pen, but you call yourself a scribe.
All your penmanship will be judged wrong when it comes into the Scribe's hands.
Only they have proper penmanship, Bahu, who perfect the *alif* and the *mīm*.

alif and the *mīm:* see p. 4.

لوك قبر دا كرسن چارا لحد بناون ڈيرا ہو
چٹکی بھر مٹی دی پاسن كرسن ڈھير اچيرا ہو
دے درود گھراں نوں ونجن كوكن شيرا شيرا ہو
بے پرواہ درگاہ رب باہو نہيں فضلاں باجھ نبيڑا ہو

People will select a grave-site and make a home for you in the grave.

They will first place a pinch of earth, then raise the mound up high;

Offering their prayers, return to their homes, and lament "My lion! My lion!"

The Lord's home knows no care, Bahu, and you cannot live there without an act of grace.

مرشد ميرا شہباز الہی ونج رليا سنگ حبيباں ہو
تقدير الہی چھكياں ڈوراں كداں ملسی نال نصيباں ہو
كوہڑياں دے دكھ دور كريندا كرے شفا مريضاں ہو
ہر اك مرض دا دارو تو ہيں باہو كيوں گھت نائيں وس طبيباں ہو

My guide is the divine falcon who has gone and joined up with his friends.

The divine will is pulling my strings, when will I have the fortune to meet him again?

He banishes the pain of lepers; he heals the sick.

You are the cure of each and every ailment, Bahu, so why do you place me in the hands of physicians?

مرشد مکّہ تے طالب حاجی کعبہ عشق بنایا ہو
وچ حضور سدا ہر ویلے کریئے حجّ سوایا ہو
ہك دم میتھوں جُدا ناں ہووے دل ملنے تے آیا ہو
مرشد عین حیاتی باہو میرے لوں لوں وچ سمایا ہو

The guide is Mecca, the seeker the pilgrim, and love has made the Ka'ba.
Let us do the Hajj all the time, forever in the divine presence.
He is not separated from me for one breath, yet my heart is eager to meet him.
The guide is the fountain of life, Bahu, arrayed in my every cell.

میں کوجھی میرا دلبر سوہنا میں کیونْکر اس نوں بھانْواں ہو
ویہڑے ساڈے وڑدا ناہیں پئی لکھ وسیلے پانْواں ہو
ناں میں سوہنی ناں دولت پلّے کیونْکر یار منانْواں ہو
ایہ دکھ ہمیشاں رہسی باہو روندی ہی مر جانْواں ہو

I am ugly and my Beloved beautiful—how can I be agreeable to Him?
He never enters my home though I use a hundred thousand ruses.
Neither am I beautiful nor have I wealth to display—how can I please my Friend?
This pain shall remain forever, Bahu, I will die crying.

Bahu refers to himself in the feminine throughout this poem. See pp. 7–8 for a discussion of the female representation of the Sufi lover.

نال کُسنگی سنگ ناں کریئے کُل نوں لاج ناں لائیے ہو
تُمّے تربوز مول ناں ہونْدے توڑے توڑ مکّے لے جائیے ہو
کانْواں دے بچّے ہنس ناں تھینْدے توڑے موتی چوگ چگائیے ہو
کوڑے کھوہ ناں مِٹھّے ہونْدے باہو توڑے سے من کھنڈ دا پائیے ہو

May we never keep company with an unfaithful friend; may we never disgrace all.

Bitter melons never become watermelons, even if we take them all the way to Mecca.

Baby crows never become swans, no matter how many pearls we feed them.

Brackish wells never become sweet, Bahu, no matter how many sackfuls of sugar we add.

نہیں فقیری جلیاں مارن سُتیاں لوک جگاون ہو
نہیں فقیری وہندیاں ندیاں سُکیاں پار لنگھاون ہو
نہیں فقیری وچ ہوا دے مصلّیٰ پا ٹھہراون ہو
فقیری نام تنہانْدا باہو جہڑے دل وچ دوست ٹکاون ہو

Being a *faqir* is not dancing and whirling, waking up sleeping people.

Being a *faqir* is not crossing flowing streams without getting wet.

Being a *faqir* is not suspending a prayer mat in the air.

They are the real *faqirs*, Bahu, who nurture the Friend in their hearts.

ناں رب عرش معلّیٰ اُتّے ناں رب خانے کعبے ہو
ناں رب علم کتابیں لبھّا ناں رب وچ محرابے ہو
گنگا تیر تھیں مول ناں ملیا مارے پینڈے بے حسابے ہو
جد دا مرشد پھڑیا باہو چھُٹّے سب عذابے ہو

The Lord was neither found on the exalted throne, nor is the Lord in the Ka'ba.

The Lord was not found in learning and books, nor is the Lord in the prayer niche.

He was never found swimming in the Ganges, nor met through countless pilgrimages.

Ever since I held on to the guide, Bahu, I have been freed of all torments.

prayer niche: the *mihrāb* is the niche in the front wall of a mosque which marks the direction for prayer. It is often one of the architectural and decorative focal points of a mosque.

ناں میں سُنّی ناں میں شیعہ میرا دوہاں توں دل سڑیا ہو
مُک گئے سبھ خشکی پینڈے جدوں دریا رحمت وچ وڑیا ہو
کئی من تارے ترتر ہارے کوئی کنارے چڑھیا ہو
صحیح سلامت چڑھ پار گئے باہو جنہاں مرشد دا لڑ پھڑیا ہو

Neither am I Sunni nor am I Shi'a—my heart is bitter with both of them.

All long, dry marches came to an end when I entered the sea of mercy.

Many nonswimmers tried and lost; a few climbed the other bank.

They made it across safe and sound, Bahu, who clung to the guide's hem.

ناں اوہ ہندو ناں اوہ مومن ناں سجدہ دیں مسیتی ہو
دم دم دے وچ ویکھن مولا جنہاں قضا ناں کیتی ہو
آہے دانے تے بنے دیوانے جنہاں ذات صحی ونج کیتی ہو
میں قربان تنہاں توں باہو جنہاں عشق بازی چُن لیتی ہو

They are neither Hindus nor Muslims, nor do they bow down in the mosque.

With every breath they see the Lord, those who have never missed a prayer.

They came sages and became madmen, those who truly understood God's essence.

My life goes to those, Bahu, who have chosen the gamble of love.

ناں میں جوگی ناں میں جنگم ناں میں چلہ کمایا ہو
ناں میں بھج مسیتیں وڑیا ناں تسباح کھڑکایا ہو
"جو دم غافل سو دم کافر" مرشد ایہ فرمایا ہو
مرشد سوہنی کیتی باہو پل وچ جا پہنچایا ہو

Neither am I a yogi nor am I a dervish bard, nor have I completed a forty-day retreat.

Neither have I rushed to enter a mosque nor have I rattled a big rosary.

"Whoever is heedless for an instant is a disbeliever in an instant," so said my guide.

The guide has done a beautiful thing, Bahu, in an instant transporting me there.

forty-day retreat: retreats and the use of rosaries are common Sufi practices. A yogi is a Hindu mystic and a dervish a Muslim one.

ناں کوئی طالب ناں کوئی مرشد سب دلاسے مُٹھّے ہو
راہ فقر دا پرے پریرے سب حرص دنیا دے کٹھّے ہو
شوق الہی غالب ہویاں جند مرنے تے اُٹھّے ہو
باہو جیں تن بھڑکے بھا برہونْدی اوہ مرن ترہارے بھکھّے ہو

They are neither seekers nor guides; they will all cause harm.
All those hungry for the world are to one side, the path of poverty to the other.
The desire for the divine dominates them when they sit up just before dying.
Those whose bodies dance with the fire of earthly desire, Bahu, die thirsty and hungry.

نیڑے وسّن دور دسیون ویڑھے ناہیں وڑدے ہو
اندروں ڈھونڈن دا ول ناں آیا مورکھ باہروں ڈھونڈن چڑھدے ہو
دور گیاں کچھ حاصل ناہیں شوہ لبھّے وچ گھر دے ہو
دل کر صیقل شیشے وانگوں باہو دور تھیون کُل پردے ہو

They live near but appear far, never entering my courtyard.
They did not know how to search within, so the wretches began to search without.
Nothing is gained by traveling afar, the Beloved is to be found in one's home.
Burnish your heart like a mirror, Bahu, and all curtains will be removed.

curtains: attaining mystical knowledge is often described as the removal of a curtain or veil. Similarly, the metaphor of polishing the mirror of one's heart so that it faithfully reflects the divine essence is commonly used in Sufism.

وحدت دے دریا اُچھلّے ہك دل صحی ناں کیتی ہو
ہك بُت خانے واصل تھیئے ہك پڑھ پڑھ رہے مسیتی ہو
فاضل چھڈ فضیلت بیٹھے عشق بازی جاں لیتی ہو
ہرگز رب ناں ملدا باہو جنہاں ترٹی چوڑ ناں کیتی ہو

The seas of unity rose high, but not a heart was set right.
One attained union in the idol temple, while another remained reading in the mosque.
Scholars abandoned scholarship when they gambled the game of love.
The Lord is never found, Bahu, by those who do not risk everything.

"ہو" دا جامہ پہن کراہاں اسم کماون ذاتی ہو
کفر اسلام مقام ناں منزل ناں اوتھے موت حیاتی ہو
شاہ رگ تھیں نزدیك لدھوسے پا اندرونی جھاتی ہو
اوہ اساں وچ اسیں انہاں وچ باہو دور رہی قرباتی ہو

Wearing the dress of "Hu," they earn the name "Of the Essence."
Islam and disbelief are neither stages nor goals, nor is there physical death over there.
I found Him closer than my jugular vein when I looked inside myself.
He is within me and I within Him, Bahu, intimacy remains distant.

Hu: lit. "He," referring to God. It is a very common formula repeated during the Sufi meditational exercise known as *zikr.* See pp. 4–5 for use of "hu" in Sultan Bahu's name.

closer than my jugular vein: one of the commonest ways of describing the immanence of God in Islam.

ہك جاگن ہك جاگ ناں جانن ہك جاگدیاں ہی سُتّے ہو
ہك ستیاں جا واصل ہوئے ہك جاگدیاں ہی مُٹھے ہو
کے ہویا جے گھگو جاگے جھڑا لینْدا ساہ اَپُٹھے ہو
میں قربان تنہاں توں باہو جنہاں کھوہ پریم دے جُتّے ہو

There are those who are awake, those who don't know how to be awake, and those who are asleep while waking.

There are those who attained union while sleeping, and those who were deprived of it while waking.

The stupid owl, who even breathes backward, so what if it stays awake?

My life goes to those, Bahu, who have worked the wells of love.

owl: a symbol of stupidity in South Asian culture.

ہك دم سجّن تے لکھ دم ویری ہك دم دے مارے مردے ہو
ہك دم پچھے جنم گوایا چور بنے گھر گھر دے ہو
لائیاں دا اوہ قدر کی جانن جھڑے محرم ناہیں سرّ دے ہو
سو کیوں دھکّے کھاون باہو جھڑے طالب سچّے در دے ہو

A friend for one breath and an enemy for a hundred thousand; for one breath's sake I am dying!

For one breath I lost a lifetime, became hated in every home.

What do those who don't share the secret know of the value of bonds?

And why should they suffer shoves, Bahu, those who seek the true doorway?

وحدت دا دریا الہی جتھّے عاشق لینْدے تاری ہو
مارن ٹُبیاں کڈھن موتی آپو آپی واری ہو
دُرّ یتیم وچ لَئے لشکارے جیوں چَن لاٹاں ماری ہو
سو کیوں نہیں حاصل بھردے باہو جہڑے نوکر نیں سرکاری ہو

The sea of unity is divine where lovers take a swim.

They dive and bring out pearls, each in their own turn.

There are flashes in a rare pearl, like the moon giving off rays of light.

Then why do they not fulfill their duties, Bahu, those who are the King's servants?

کلمے لکھ کروڑاں تارے ولی کیتے سے راہیں ہو
کلمے نال بجھائے دوزخ جتھّے اگ بلے از گاہیں ہو
کلمے نال بہشتیں جاناں جتھّے نعمت سنج صباحیں ہو
کلمے جیہی ناں کوئی نعمت باہو اندر دوہیں سرائیں ہو

The creed has saved millions from drowning and turned travelers into saints.

The creed extinguishes hell, where an inescapable fire burns.

Through the creed, the heavens are alive with blessings night and day.

There is no blessing like the creed, Bahu, in both resting places.

both resting places: this world and the afterlife.

چڑھ چنّاں تے کر رشنائی ذکر کرینڈے تارے ہو
گلیاں دے وچ پھرن نمانے لعلانْڈے ونجارے ہو
شالا مسافر کوئی نہ تھیوے ککھ جنہاں توں بھارے ہو
تاڑی مار اڈاؤ ناں باہو اساں آپے اُڈن ہارے ہو

Arise and shine bright, moon! The stars are engaged in divine recollection.

Ruby merchants are wandering the alleys like wretches.

May no one ever be a traveler, whose weight is less than that of straw.

Don't clap your hands to make me fly, Bahu, I'm about to take flight on my own.

دل تے دفتر وحدت والا دائم کریں مطالعیا ہو
ساری عمراں پڑھیاں گزری جھَلاّں دے وچ جالیا ہو
ہکو اسم اللّٰہ دا رکّھیں اپنا سبق مطالعیا ہو
دوہیں جہان غلام تنہانْدے باہو جیں دل اللّٰہ سنبھالیا ہو

The heart is a register of unity, so study it always.

Your entire life was spent in study, passed in ignorance.

Keep only the name "Allah" as your one lesson to contemplate.

Both worlds are slaves of those, Bahu, who guard Allah in their hearts.

گیا ایمان عشقے دیوں پاروں ہو کر کافر رہیے ہو
گھت زنّار کفر دا گل وچ بت خانے وچ بہیے ہو
جس خانے وچ جانی نظر ناں آوے اوتھے سجدہ مول ناں دیہے ہو
جاں جاں جانی نظر ناں آوے باہو توڑے کلماں مول ناں کہیے ہو

Faith left for the sake of love: let's live as disbelievers.
Hanging a thread of disbelief from our necks, let's sit in an idol temple.
Where the Beloved cannot be seen, let's never bow down there.
Wherever the Beloved cannot be seen, Bahu, let's never recite the creed there.

thread of disbelief: in Punjabi, *zunnār,* the sacred thread worn by Brahmin Hindus, serves as a symbol of non-Islamic religiosity among Indian Muslims. It also has similar connotations in other parts of the Islamic world, because it originally referred to the cloth belt worn by Persian Magis. This symbolic item of clothing was later imposed upon Eastern Christians and Jews to distinguish them from Muslims.

جل جلیندیاں جنگل بھونْدیاں میری ہکّا گل ناں پکّی ہو
چلے چلئے مکّے حجّ گزاریاں میری دل دی دوڑ ناں ڈکّی ہو
تریہے روزے پنج نمازاں ایہ بھی پڑھ پڑھ تھکّی ہو
سبھے مراداں حاصل ہویاں باہو جاں کامل نظر مہر دی تکّی ہو

Living in swamps and wandering in jungles, not one of my needs was met.
I went to Mecca to make the Pilgrimage, but the racing of my heart did not stop.
The thirty fasts and five daily prayers: these too I did until I was tired.
All my wishes were fulfilled, Bahu, with one merciful glance of the Perfect One.

thirty fasts: see p. 29.

تارك دنيا تد تهيوسے جداں فقر مليوسے خاصا ہو
راہ فقر دا تد لدھيوسے جداں ہتھ پكڑيوسے كاسا ہو
دريا وحدت دا نوش كيتوسے اجاں بھی جی پياسا ہو
راہ فقر رت ہنجوں روون باہو لوكاں بھانے ہاسا ہو

I abandoned this world when I found true needlessness.
I found the path of poverty when I held a begging bowl
in my hand.
I drank up the sea of unity but still I am thirsty.
I cried tears of blood on this path, Bahu, but for others it is
all a joke.

"جو دم غافل سو دم كافر" اساں مرشد ايہ پڑھايا ہو
سنيا سخن گياں كھُل اكھّيں اساں چِت مولا ول لايا ہو
كيتی جان حوالے رب دے اساں ايسا عشق كمايا ہو
مرن توں اگے مر گئے باہو تاں مطلب نوں پايا ہو

"Whoever is heedless for an instant is a disbeliever in an instant,"
so said my guide.
My eyes opened on hearing these words, and I turned my attention
to the Lord.
I put my life in His trust—such is the love I gained.
I died before dying, Bahu, only then did I find my purpose.

لوہا ہوویں پیا کُٹیویں تاں تلوار سڈیویں ہو
کنگھی وانْگوں پیا چریویں تاں زلف محبوب بھریویں ہو
مہندی وانگوں پیا گھُنیویں تاں تلی محبوب زنگیویں ہو
وانگ کپاہ پیا پنجیویں تاں دستار سَڈیویں ہو
عاشق صادق ہوویں باہو تاں رس پریم دا پیویں ہو

Be steel, be beaten, only then will you be called a sword.
Like a comb, be sliced, only then will you be filled with the Beloved's locks.
Like henna, be ground up, only then will you decorate the Beloved's hands.
Like cotton, be carded, only then will you be called a turban of honor.
Be a true lover, Bahu, only then will you drink the nectar of love.

میں شہباز کراں پروازاں وچ دریا کرم دے ہو
زبان تاں میری "کُن" برابر موڑاں کم قلم دے ہو
افلاطون ارسطو جیہیں میرے اگے کس کم دے ہو
حاتم جیہیں لکھ کروڑاں در باہو دے منگدے ہو

I am a falcon, I fly in the sea of divine nobility.
My tongue is the equal of the divine command "Be!" and I change the works of the Pen.
What good are the likes of Plato and Aristotle before me?
A hundred million like Hatim come begging at Bahu's door.

the divine command "Be!": according to Islamic tradition, "Be!" (*kun*) is the divine command God issued when He wished to begin the process of creation. The Pen refers to the divine pen with which God wrote down the destiny of all that He had created.

Hatim: Hatim at-Ta'i is a legendary Arab figure famous for his generosity and acts of chivalry. He is also popularly believed to be an ancestor of the famous Sufi Ibn al-'Arabi.

یار یگانہ ملسی تینوں جے سر دی بازی لائیں ہو
عشق اللّٰہ وچ ہو مستانہ "ہو ہو" سدا الائیں ہو
نال تصوّر اسم اللّٰہ دے دم نوں قید لگائیں ہو
ذاتے نال جاں ذاتی رلیا تد "باہو" نام سدائیں ہو

You will find the singular Beloved if you gamble your head.
Be drunk in the love of Allah, always saying "Hu! Hu!"
While contemplating the name of Allah, control your breath.
When essence blends with Essence, only then will you be called
"Bahu."

Bahu: "Bahu" literally means "with Him." See pp. 4–5.

ایہ تن رب سچّے دا حُجرا وچ پا فقیرا جھاتی ہو
ناں کر منّت خواج خضر دی تیرے اندر آب حیاتی ہو
شوق دا دیوا بال ہنیرے متاں لبھی وست کھڑاتی ہو
مرن تھیں اگے مر رہے باہو جنہاں حق دی رمز پچھاتی ہو

This body of yours is the True Lord's dwelling, so mystic,
look inside!
Don't beg favors from Master Khizr, the water of life is within you.
Illuminate the darkness with the lamp of longing, then perhaps
you'll find what you have lost.
They die before they die, Bahu, those who understand the
riddle of Truth.

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